THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

It is a tale worn threadbare with use. The beginning and the end are the only parts of it that really matter. Indeed, the episode is altogether so lacking in originality that it is questionable whether any of it matters at all. The middle of any man or woman's love story is invariably so insipid as not to bear reproduction. Harold Fairfax's was no exception to the rule. From Miriam Lyndhurst's point of view, however, it was full of the joy of conquest. Toward the end of June Harold Fairfax decided upon a brief holiday. There were two reasons prompting the determination; firstly, a want of tone about his health; secondly, the absence of any business to keep him pent in his dark and dusty quarters in Chancery lane. Harold Fairfax was by no means a flourishing practitioner of the law. He betook himself to Margate. When the idea of a holiday had first entered his mind, it had been in connection with a flying visit to the Continent, or a short sea voyage. He had even had visions, business being so slack, of indefinitely extending his holiday to a trip round the world. To state that business was slack is, however, misleading, seeing that but one solitary brief had yet blessed his professional career. Consequently, for a sordid but excellent reason, he relinquished the idea of the Continental holiday and the voyage round the world. And, after all, one may see a good deal of the world at Margate.

On a particularly fine morning, therefore, Fairfax took a cheap ticket to that salubrious resort, with the peculiar satisfaction which alone comes from the exercise of the virtue of economy. He had intended to stay at a good hotel; the same admirable spirit, however, co-operating with the fact of a restricted income, caused him to select a cheap boarding house. The foregoing exactly explains how he came to meet her.

At luncheon they sat together. He was conscious of a very prettyp young lady in an admirably fitting tailor-made gown—she, of some one who was slightly good looking, but decidedly reticent.

The ice of reserve was broken, in the modern fashion, by the woman. In reply he admitted that the weather was splendid. Then he felt it incumbent upon him to tell her why he had not gone round the world.

"That would have been delightful," she said quickly; "why didn't you go?"

He spoke mysteriously of business pressure.

"The law is a hard taskmaker," he concluded.

"Yes, I suppose all rogues and vagabonds find it that," she remarked.

"I am a barrister," he thought it necessary to explain.

She looked up at him with an added interest.

"Ah!" said she, "you plead for the evildoer?"

"Yes, that's it," he replied hopefully.

"It must be a wonderful profession; so useful and so full of interest. Do barristers become very rich?"

"Very," he replied, with laconic impressiveness.

"How delightful," she exclaimed, "to be a rich and famous barrister."

"I don't know," said he, laboring after the air of a man sated with success and riches; "I don't know that it is so very delightful. The work is hard—and then the responsibility is terrible."

"Yes, of course—and have you been in any famous trials?"

He remained silent. He was thinking of that memorable brief. His friend Blinks had not hesitated to express the opinion that had the unfortunate company-promoter defended his own case instead of giving Fairfax an opportunity to make an ass of himself, he might have got off with six months instead of three years. But, then, that was only jealousy on the part of the briefless Blinks, and, of course, it was quite time some company-promoter suffered for the sins of his fellows.

"Many," he replied at length, with easy untruthfulness. "I should not be surprised to receive a wire at any minute recalling me to London."

"It seems hard," she said thoughtfully, "that a woman should not have the same opportunities as a man. My father was an officer in the army. He won the V. C. in India."

"His was a far nobler profession. But I think a woman's is the noblest of all. She has the whip hand of the biggest men." When he found her in the evening upon a seat overlooking the sea, he sat down beside her. He thought it would be an amusing way in which to pass the time. "I think," he said, "that people come to the seaside chiefly to deceive their fellows. Now, that man who has just passed sells newspapers in a London street, but here he looks as prosperous as a banker."

"Well," said she, "people live for what they can get out of life, and innocent deception but adds to its zest."

He looked at her closely. She was undeniably pretty. He was thinking of her words. "People live for what they can get out of life."

He was a man of the world, with a man of the world's hard, unimpressionable nature, but he suddenly determined that she should fall in love with him. It would certainly be an amusing way in which to pass the time.

"The men and women," said he, "seem to divide their time equally between bathing and falling in love. Now, I never fell in love."

"Both amusements call for a somewhat primitive condition," she observed.

"Yes," said he, "and to be primitive is to be happy, apparently. We ought to fall in love simply because there is nothing else to do, and because we shall soon part never to see one another again. That, I think, is the only safe and satisfactory way to fall in love."

"Yet, I suppose, one might sometimes get, like the bather, out of one's depth. But tell me," she laughed, "do barristers find it so amusing to fall in love with officers' daughters?"

"Every man has his unprofessional moments," said he, "and you forget that we have not fallen in love with each other."

"No," said she, "and, of course, we shall go our several ways and forget all about one another, and perhaps, in course of time, marry some dull but unimpeachable fellow-creature. It will not be so very romantic."

"Life is brief, but not so brief as romance," he returned. "To be in love is to be serious, and to be serious is to be unromantic. We are not the least in love with one another, are not going to marry, so we may be romantic if we like."

That is the beginning of it. He felt somewhat amused.

* * * * *

There was a throb of suppressed passion in his voice. He took her hand and held it. "It is unavoidable," said he, with an effort, "that I should get back to town."

She smiled her reply. He felt a sad want of self-possession; she, on the contrary, was quite collected.

"We seem to have known each other a lifetime," he remarked, "and yet it is only a few days."

"And the days have gone like hours," she returned regretfully.

"You remember," he exclaimed thickly, "what you said about getting out of one's depth? I think I am out of my depth."

"I am sorry you are going," she murmured; "you have been romantic amid the prosaic."

"But I am serious now," he pleaded, "and romantic no longer."

"That," said she, "is a condition of mind which I believe you have described as unentertaining."

There was something in his mind he wished to utter. He compromised with his feelings by suggesting a correspondence.

The girl was amused.

"I see you are very serious," she remarked. "But probably we should only bore one another."

He looked at her in silence; he had not said what he wanted to say.

"Well," he observed at length; "we have spent a week in one another's society, and got along remarkably well."

"Yes," she sighed. "I am sorry you are going."

"I think," he continued, "we could be very happy together for an indefinite period."

That was almost as near as he ever got to the expression of the thought in his mind.

She laughed up at him.

"I really believe we could," she exclaimed; "but you will soon forget all about me in your musty law books."

"Friendships thus begun," he muttered, "have often endured for a lifetime."

"But life is so long, after all," she exclaimed.

"Under some conditions it may be made to appear as short as the proverb represents it," he remarked. He had not said what he wanted to say, and there were but five minutes in which to do so. "Life," he observed desperately, "is a very lonely business."

He took half of the available time to think of the remark, and it brought him no nearer the desired goal.

The girl was smiling again. He wished she would not look so happy; it made it all the more difficult for him to tell her.

"The week that has gone," she said, "is to be one of the white stones in our lives. Perhaps, as a harassed paterfamilias, you may one day look back upon it tenderly."

She had cast a spell over him. The way in which she smiled up into his face was most painfully distracting. He again recollected that he had not said what he wanted to say.

"Oh! don't talk like that," he cried. "I wanted to tell you that—that—"

But the opportunity had gone. Time, tide and trains wait for no man. He was whirled away. She stood upon the platform smiling after the retreating train. That was the end of it.

He cursed the matter that had called him back to town. His heart was very sore. He could not attend to his work for a month afterward. However, having no work demanding attention, the consequences were not serious. Still, as I have said, his heart was very sore. He really wished that he had gone round the world after all.

She went back to the draper's shop in Oxford street with an amusing anecdote. Saunders, the shopwalker, was especially tickled. Of course, she felt that she might, perhaps, have given up a shopwalker for a full-blown barrister. Saunders, however, never looked at that aspect of the matter. That she could have found any man possessing superior attractions to himself would have been the last thought to cross his mind.—Illustrated Bits.

JOHN HAY'S STYLE.

A Circumstance Which in Recent Times Add Force to it.

John Hay has a charming English style. He expresses himself clearly and forcibly. But it is fortunate for him that his latest literary feats have had a navy behind them.

Once upon a time John Hay wrote about Pike county. More recently he has written about China. Professionally peaceful persons have been delighted with his productions. "Administrative entity" was a telling phrase. So was "open door," which though not invented by John Hay, was touched up and adopted by him. China, said John Hay, should keep its door open to the commerce of the nations on equal terms. China should not be placed on the same table with the few remaining morsels of Africa and carved up by the same methods for the possibly exclusive appetites of European gormands. It should remain free to the rivalry of the merchants of the world.

These were captivating sentiments. They meant peace in the Orient. They deserved the applause of the professionally peaceful persons who shudder when they see the navy. But why did John Hay's English style find so many admirers abroad? Why was it that European nations agreed to respect the administrative entity" of China when the present war began? Why was it that Germany was so ready just the other day to assure the American secretary of state that German interests would be subserved best by the open door in China, and that the German government no longer needs a sphere of influence around Kiaochou?

The professionally peaceful person—such is their touching confidence in their fellow creatures—may think that all these things happen because the statesmen of Europe had read a delightful collection of "Letters on China," by John Hay, literateur, and had been so fascinated by his way of putting the case that they immediately decided to adopt the policy which he outlined. This is an amiable view of the situation. For grosser souls however, there is another explanation. It is the only one to which their earlier imaginations can rise. Behind the pen of the secretary of state is a navy. But for the navy it is much to be feared that the letters on China would have been more interesting to the custodian of the British museum than to the European governments.

There is another man who has a navy to depend on. That man is Mutsuhito, in his official moments mikado of Japan. If the American and Japanese navies were not floating about on salt water, who can doubt that the Chinese empire would meet the same fate as the continent of Africa? It would be partitioned among the powers of Europe, and each power would keep a certain section thereof for its own particular kind of commercial exploitation. Admiral Dewey and Togo are just the men to carry literary effusions to the persons to whom they are dedicated.

Fair and equal trade in China! That is the American policy. That is the theme of John Hay's diplomatic epistles. He has right behind him. And a navy.—Chicago Tribune.

Offices Held by Colored Men.

There are good places held by colored men that are much desired by others if changes are to be made. The best of these is Register of the Treasury, held by J. W. Lyons. Lyons has a greater political pull than any other colored leader. He is the national committeeman from Georgia, a creditable man, good official, and first-rate speaker. He has, however, held his office for going on eight years. Shortly after President McKinley came into office he displaced Tillman, of Tennessee, and gave the Registership to B. K. Bruce, colored, of Mississippi. Bruce had not been in office many years before he died, and Lyons succeeded to the place. J. C. Dancy, Recorder of Deeds of the District, has been in office about three years. He displaced Cheatham, of North Carolina. There are a number of prominent colored men after Dancy's place. W. F. Powell, the United States Minister to Hayti, has held his place for a good many years, while Ernest Lyon, the Minister to Liberia, has held his place fewer years.—Washington Star.

Miss Snowflake—What did Jim Jackson git married for?

Miss Washtub—Lawd only knows; he keeps right on workin'!—Puck.

FATHER OF REFRIGERATOR CARS.

How Gustavus Swift Developed a Business Against Tremendous Odds.

Gustavus Swift was the proprietor of a small packing plant at the Chicago stock yards, when he offered to certain railroad companies a plan to which he had devoted much time and thought. It was merely that the railroads should operate the refrigerator cars—invented a short time before by a man named Tiffany—summer and winter and that he should furnish them with fresh dressed meats for the Eastern market. This proposal the railroads promptly rejected.

Thus thrown upon his own resources, Mr. Swift determined to make the desperate cast alone. Commercial history has few instances of a courage more genuine. The risk involved was great. The project was wholly new; not only demand and supply had to be created, but all the vast and intricate machinery of marketing. Failure meant utter ruin. Mr. Swift accepted the hazard. He built refrigerator cars under the Tiffany and other patents and began to ship out dressed meats, summer and winter.

The trade regarded the innovation as little less than insanity. Mr. Swift's immediate downfall was genially prophesied on all sides, and truly only a giant in will and resources could have triumphed, so beset. He must needs demonstrate that the refrigerator car would do its work, that the meat could be perfectly preserved, and then he must overcome the deep-seated prejudices of the people, combat the opposition of local butchers, establish and distribute products. All this he did. People in the East found that Chicago dressed beef was better and cheaper than their own, the business slowly spread, branch houses were established in every Eastern city and the Swift establishment began to thrive. By 1880 the experiment was an indutiable success.—Charles E. Russell, in Everybody's Magazine.

Be Quick on Your Feet.

Never allow your physical standard to drop. Keep up your energy; walk as if you were somebody and were going to do something worth while in the world so that even a stranger will note your bearing and mark your superiority. If you have fallen into a habit of walking in a listless, indolent way, turn right about face at once and make a change, says Success. You don't want to shuffle along like the failures we often see sitting around on park benches, or lolling about the streets with their hands in their pockets, or haunting intelligence offices and wondering why fate has been so hard with them. You don't want to give people the impression that you are discouraged, or that you are already falling to the rear. Straighten up then! Stand erect! Be a man! You are a child of the Infinite King. You have royal blood in your veins. Emphasize it by your bearing. A man who is conscious of his kinship with God and of his powers, and who believes thoroughly in himself, walks with a firm, vigorous step, with his head erect, his chin in, his shoulders thrown back and down and his chest well projected in order to give a large lung capacity; he is the man who does things.

You can not aspire, or accomplish great or noble things so long as you assume the attitude and bearing of a coward or weakling. If you would be noble and do noble things, you must look up. You were made to look upward and to walk upright, not to look down or to shamble along in a semi-horizontal position. Put character, dignity, nobility into your walk.

Telegrams o Game.

Each one in the company must be supplied with paper and pencil and then you ask all together to suggest ten letters of the alphabet, which are then to be written down at the head of each one's sheet of paper in the order in which they were suggested.

Now, the players must exercise their wits to make up a telegram of ten words beginning with the letters in the order given.

After ten minutes or so call "Time's up," and gather up the papers. Display a prize for the one to be adjudged as best, and then read the telegrams aloud. Let the company decide which is best.

Here are examples:

Suppose the letters were A, L, W, K, B, E, T, O, G, H.

One telegram: Alice Lane Will Know By Evening That Oscar Gambles Horribly.

Another telegram: Another Lad Will Kiss Before Edith Thinks Of Going Home.

Lots of fun in this game. Try it.

"Is Mr. Cumrox going to have his portrait done in oil?"

"No," answered Mrs. Cumrox. "we feared it might not be in good taste. You see, oil is where Mr. C. made most of his money."—Washington Star.

It is not a sign of weakness to seek advice from the man who has had experience—it is a sign of good judgment.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A woman grows wiser as she doesn't grow older.

A cabman retains his customers by driving them away.

What becomes of the money a man saves by not smoking.

A gossip's specialty is the making of unhappy homes.

Fortunate is the man whose wife doesn't envy a spinster.

There's no fun in loafing unless you have something to do.

A man can fly off the handle without the aid of a flying machine.

When a woman marries for spite she always succeeds in spiting herself.

A young man's ideal girl never attempts to work for oysters or ice cream.

Most people would rather listen to a pleasing lie than to a disagreeable truth.

Only a woman can talk fluently on a subject without the least knowledge of it.

Every third class actor imagines he is the genuine article, but of course the public has such miserable taste.

The rich man who is fond of telling how he made his first thousand dollars is generally more reticent about his last thousand.

A Logan snowbird which has lived on a back porch of a farmer's house for the last six years, failed to show up in February.

A Logan editor is publishing the five year delinquent subscribers. Every day his wife wonders whether she will get dinner for two or not.

The Lawrence ladies are finding out that a morning walk is better for their health than getting breakfast. The husbands have also discovered the fact.

Served a Delphos man right who got a wife through a matrimonial agency to now be in the midst of a divorce suit. Kansas is now fighting the trusts.

A Pittsburg man has as souvenirs of the revolutionary war a medical case and a pistol. He doesnt claim to have been present, but that is merely a case of hereditary.

About the 13th of the Month a Welington man placed $13 in a bureau drawer. He was a man that didn't believe in signs but all the same when he broke in to pay some first of March bills the purse was vacant.—Chicago News.

Suggestions.

Senators and representatives get all sorts of extraordinary requests from constituents, but Senator Berry of Arkansas says that one he received a few days ago easily beats the record. The letter, which was from a woman, was accompanied by two songs, one entitled "Why, Oh Why?" and the other, "eace, Oh Peace." The writer said, "Senator, I want you to take these songs, which I have composed after months of hard and persistent labor, to the President, sumbit them to him and get a letter of indorsement from him, and I will agree to allow you 10 per cent on the proceeds from the sale. You know, Senator, the President's indorsement will be a great advertisement for the songs, and I feel sure they will be a go. You might also sing them to the senators, if you have the time."—Kansas City Star.

Watchful King of Italy.

A good story is told of the King of Italy's zeal for efficiency at the time of his succession to the throne. His foreign minister, Signor Prinetti, asked him to sign a decree for the augmentation of the foreign office staff.

The King promised to think the matter over, and the next morning set out alone on foot to pay a visit to the office. Arriving at 9 o'clock, he found no one there. A long search unearthed a solitary clerk who was smoking cigarettes.

"What are the hours of this office?" asked the King.

"From 8 to 12," was the reply. "And when may I expect to see your colleagues?" "They generally turn up about 11." "Very well. When your chief comes, tell him that I have been here."

And then his Majesty sent for Signor Prinetti and suggested that instead of asking for more clerks he should make it his business to see that the existing clerks attended to their duties."—Leslie's Weekly.

Strange Ending of a Concert.

In the middle of a charity concert at Datchet-on-Thames on Tuesday night the accompanist mistaking his cue, struck up "God Save the King."

Before any one of the performers raized what had happened the hall was empty, the audience having gone home with the idea that the concert was over. As a consequence comic singers and ballad vocalists, some of whom had travelled long distances to render their services, could not give their turns, and yesterday the organizers of the concert were walking about the village apologizing to everybody.—London Chronicle.

For hoarseness beat up the white of an egg, flavor with lemon and sugar, and take some occasionally.

WHY WE'RE RIGHT HANDED.

Because the Left Was Used to Protect Vulnerable Organs

"Wherever you go," said a traveler, "you find nearly everybody right-handed. In the rubber forests of South America, among the African pigmies, among the fur-clad Esquimos, among the lowest and the highest of the world's people alike, right-handedness prevails, and the left handed man is an exception."

"Yes; that is true," agreed the traveler's companion.

"It is true," said the traveler, "but do you know why it is true?"

The other thought a moment.

"Well," he began, "I should say we were all right handed because on the right side we are stronger and suppler and better developed than on the left side."

"I ask for the cause, and you give me the effect," said the traveler. "Our being stronger on the right is the effect, not the cause, of our right handedness. It is the result of the right hand's extra work."

"I'll tell you the cause, of the right handedness to be found all over the world, and you'll have to admit that mine is a good and irrefutable reason.

Savage man, prehistoric man, the hairy man, who lived in a tree and had pointed ears, was not long in discovering that his left side, where the heart lay, was the most vulnerable side of his body—was the side to be protected. Accordingly, savage man devoted his left hand and arm to the protection of his left side. He made his left hand the shield hand. With his right he fought as actively as possible.

"Life was all fighting in those days. Man, slashing and banging away with his right and only holding the shield with his left hand, soon became stronger and cleverer with the right than the left hand—soon became, all over the world, right handed.

"We are all right handed because the heart is on the left side. If it were on the right side we'd be left handed."—Newark N. J. News.

Get Into the Open Air.

Physicians of skill and standing have been saying lately that life in open air under certain restrictions which seek to avoid undue hardship is a cure for all diseases and that the reason for all diseases is to be found in the habit of staying too much under cover and too little in the open.

The truth of that is manifest to all who think. Indians and other dwellers in the open begin to suffer from pulmonary troubles, pneumonia, consumption and all other horrors, only when they are taken from their tepees and made to live in the houses of the white man. Voyagers to the arctic regions insist upon their men being out in the exceedingly cold air a large part of the time, and Nansen records that no illness was suffered by his men during all the time they dwelt in the open. It was only when they returned to the house that they began to suffer from colds.

Every explorer or traveler in wild countries reports remarkable freedom from all sorts of illness while in the wilds. The same is true of the large numbers of men from a city who spend a week or two in the wilderness every year, engaged in shooting or fishing. They find a renewed vitality that is to be attributed simply to their having lived out of doors. Not only do they avoid all forms of illness while out, but they take on a renewed power to resist the onslought of disease after their return.

The reason for this requires no explanation. Man for countless generations dwelt in the open with no covering except a tent over his head or, if he lived in a cave, with nothing but a skin at its entrance to prevent the free passage of fresh air. Man is as much an open air animal as any that breathes in the benageries and the consequences of shutting him up in a house are exactly as fatal as they are when wild beasts are thus taken away from their natural haunts and placed in confinement.

Exercise is a good thing, but open air is still better if both cannot be had together. The wise man given his choice between exercise under cover or the being out-of-doors without exercise will choose the latter. The ideal of course is to be in the open and exercising at the same time. But the most elaborate course prescribed for physical culture is of comparatively slight avail as a restorer and preserver of health against life out-of doors with little or no exercise.

Get into the open, and stay there as long as you can!—Chicago Journal.

Binks—Say, Jinks, people are saying that you lived out West under an assumed name.

Jinks—It's a lie, an infamous lie, sir.

Binks—You were known there as Mr. Jimson, weren't you?

Jinks—Jimson is my real name. My present name is assumed.—New York Weekly.

If the nose is oily or shiny, use borax water, or wash it with cornmeal instead of soap.